

you're it by fyeahimking

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Homophobia, JIM AND JOYCE ARENT MAIN SORRY, Love, M/M, Smut, are mentioned by name but they're all there, but not actually mentioned, eleven is around, even if you dont read tags hopefully you catch that, everything happened but everyone and everything are okay, i dont know if you want me to tag something tell me, i think only mike and will, i'm all up in my feels and everything hurts so this came out, lonnie is a piece of shit, my headcanon is that el is with the chief but it's not mentioned either, not full on but y'know, um, ummm - Freeform, yo i dont even know man

Language: English

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-05

Updated: 2017-09-05

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:40:58

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,646

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“He’s gonna break up with me.”

“He’s not.”

“He is.”

“He isn’t.”

you're it

Author's Note:

believe it or not this has nothing to do with tag

i feel like jonathan just wears band tees and converse and jeans and steve is the only one who notices how tight they are

also there's sort of a storyline/relationship explanation in the bottom note along with apologies and descriptive shit i guess and a lot of me trying to explain things and just like spewing ideas i guess, reading of that note is not required.

Steve brushed his hands over his chest before he walked over to where Jonathan stood with his mother and who Steve believed was his father. He was tall with dark but greying hair and a face that looked sort of tired, with deep lines around his mouth and his eyes. But those eyes proved him to be Jonathan's father, a deep, dark glittering brown, though Lonnie's only really seemed to shine with irritation or anger. Jonathan's shined prettily, with mischief, like when he was on top of Steve and he would bite at his neck enough just to get Steve hard but he'd keep his hips from moving at all, or hope, like the night he'd introduced Steve as his boyfriend and Joyce had just laughed and smiled and asked if they'd planned on staying for dinner or if they were going somewhere to have some alone time.

"Oh," Joyce smiled at Steve's appearance, eyes pausing at the silver silk tie knotted loosely around his neck. Steve hadn't really been sure what to wear, he wasn't sure how formal that Will's 'sort of birthday thing,' according to Jonathan, was going to be. After an hour of wondering, completely unwilling to entertain the idea of calling Jonathan to ask, he'd finally settled on light-wash jeans and a pale purple button-down. He'd thrown on the tie as an after-thought after his father had said something to him on his way out the door.

"You're going to dinner, aren't you?" he'd called out from the dining room where he'd had Thai take-out boxes and paperwork spread out along the

dining table. Steve had no idea where his mother was, just assumed that she was probably cleaning something that didn't need cleaned, scrubbing until her knees were bruised and her fingers ached, as she almost always was.

"Yeah, I am." If that's where his father thought he was going then that was where he was going, he wasn't going to tell him otherwise. "Don't wait up." He'd tacked it on quickly, hoping that his father didn't have anything to say about it. His father never did, wait up, that was, but if Steve wasn't home by curfew and his father somehow found out he'd be screwed. But tonight, if he was lucky, telling him not to wait up may make it obvious that he didn't plan on coming home. Worst case scenario he'd demand that he be home by curfew (and Steve wouldn't listen) and best case he'd assume that Steve was staying with Tommy or Nancy and he wouldn't say a word.

His father looked up at the words then looked Steve down. "And you're wearing jeans? At least put on a damn tie, Steven! Try to look presentable." His father's grumblings had followed Steve up the grand staircase but the older man had been silent once Steve had trekked back down, a golden pen clutched in his tight grip and sweat glistening on his brow.

"Lonnie, this is Jonathan's boyfriend." Joyce continued.

Lonnie let out something like a scoff, something that made Steve almost positive that Lonnie was thinking he was right about Jonathan being a fag. Steve's hand slipped into a fist, it twitched to throw a punch but he couldn't, he knew he couldn't. Lonnie looked him over for a second, taking in his attire with angrier eyes than Joyce had, then he held out his hand to shake.

Jonathan's hand hovered at the small of his back for a moment before pressing in lightly, once, twice, just to prove that he was there, that this was fine, and Steve slowly unclenched his fingers, sliding his hand into Lonnie's for a firm shake.

"What's your name, boy?"

“Oh, sorry,” Steve suddenly tripped over his words, nervous and somewhat desperate to make a good impression despite what he knew about Lonnie and Jonathan’s relationship. He had been surprised by the way Lonnie’s voice sounded, like he actually cared. From all the stories that Steve had heard, mostly from Jonathan, though a very select few had come from Joyce or even Will, Lonnie couldn’t care less about anything that had to do with his children or his ex-wife and, frankly, Steve had no idea why he’d come to the get together for his youngest son’s birthday or even how he’d managed to wrangle up an invite. His mouth was on auto-pilot, his brain still trying to filter out a reaction and, really, that was the only excuse he had for what he said next. “Steve, Steve Byers.”

He felt his mouth drop open in shock and his cheeks burned hotter than his hand had the night he’d accidentally touched the iron when he was seven.

There was a quick bark of laughter from the corner where Will and his friends were seated, raving over something that they were working on for Dungeons & Dragons. Steve was positive that the first laugh had come from Mike, Mike that had rolled his eyes every time that Steve had come over to Nancy’s under the guise of studying just so he could spend an hour with Jonathan, but, of course, the laughter was immediately picked up by his friends. (Mike had known and Nancy had known and Steve had known, obviously, but somehow it had taken Jonathan a little longer to pick up.)

“Fuck.”

Jonathan was staring at him with a sort of pale and blank face, though his eyes were wide. Joyce was smiling into her red wine, eyes bright, and Lonnie was staring at Steve with raised eyebrows and, the first time anything other than anger had been there, confused eyes. “You two-”

Steve ran his hands through his hair, probably messing up his careful style, and forced something out of his mouth. “If you’ll excuse me, I have to use the restroom.”

He prayed that none of them noticed the fact that he’d turned into the hallway, like an idiot, instead of into the bathroom that was

connected to the living room. He ducked into Jonathan's room, flopping down on his stomach on Jonathan's bed, the tension in his shoulders leaving almost immediately once he'd breathed in Jonathan's scent from his bed sheets. It was cheap laundry detergent first but then there was Jonathan, some sort of cinnamon body wash, the smell of smoke from his coworkers, and the scent of pine from spending so much time in the woods.

He scrunched his eyes shut and rolled over onto his back at the sound of the doorknob turning and immediately hated himself again for the fact that he'd forgotten to lock the door. Though he supposed that wouldn't have been fair, it was Jonathan's house, his *bedroom*, it wasn't like Steve was allowed to lock him out. He looked up at whoever had entered warily, worried that it may be Will, though he wasn't sure why Will would be the one to follow him, or Joyce or, god forbid, *Lonnie*, but, thankfully, when he looked up, it was just to find Jonathan.

Jonathan who was wearing his ratty black Converse and tight black jeans that he probably didn't even know how good he looked in and his Joy Division shirt that was printed with the *Unknown Pleasures* album art. "Not to insinuate that I know my surroundings better than you, but I'm pretty sure this isn't the bathroom." Jonathan's voice was lighthearted, teasing, nothing that Steve had expected.

His voice sent a thrill down Steve's body but his words made his blush come back full-force, practically searing his skin. "Fuck off." He was embarrassed and hot and his skin felt itchy and, worst of all, Jonathan hadn't even acknowledged what he'd said. He was positive that this was over, whatever the fuck this was, that he'd gotten too serious about Jonathan. Jonathan had a future, had plans, NYU and travelling and photos to take, a family he wanted to eventually support, and, obviously, Steve wasn't part of that. So, why hadn't Jonathan just said it as soon as he'd stepped into the room?

"Aww, don't be like that." Jonathan practically cooed instead and Steve heard a snap that he was almost positive meant the door had been locked. Jonathan practically sauntered over to the bed, running his fingers along the bedspread quietly. He continued to saunter as he walked over to his record player, sliding *Unknown Pleasures* under the needle, letting it play out softly. Steve thought it was supposed to

mean something, that Jonathan was trying to say something but then Jonathan was lying next to him on his stomach, shifting over him so that they were chest to chest and using his left hand to hold himself up over Steve, and Steve's mind went blank.

Steve struggled to catch his breath, staring up into Jonathan's glimmering eyes. Steve opened his mouth, to try to breathe or to try to apologize, Steve wasn't sure which, but it didn't matter because Jonathan pressed down, kissing Steve. The dark-haired boy pushed into the kiss, thoughts about this being the last time he could do this flitting about through his skull as he slid his fingers through Jonathan's silky locks.

Then Jonathan slid a knee between Steve's legs and Steve couldn't help bucking up into Jonathan, into whatever friction he could find there. "Someone's feeling better." Jonathan whispered into the skin of Steve's jaw.

"Fuck off." Steve stuttered when Jonathan ground down hard and once Jonathan continued mouthing at Steve's neck and Steve managed to recover, he took advantage of Jonathan's distracted state and grabbed his shoulders, rolling them so that they'd switched positions. He adjusted himself slightly until he was straddling Jonathan's hips, knees locked at the boy's sides. Steve moved his hips, pressed them down just a little until Jonathan sucked in a hard breath, eyes still shimmering as he smirked.

"Nice tie," Jonathan commented drily, looking up at Steve, eyes still shining.

"Thanks." Jonathan smiled and Steve felt a jolt in his chest at that smile.

He didn't have a chance to think about it, to even consider the possibility of being embarrassed about it, because Jonathan reached up and grabbed the tie, pulled Steve down from his position straddling Jonathan until they were chest to chest. "You're welcome." Jonathan said softly, tugging harder until their lips slid together once again.

Jonathan pressed his tongue against the seam in Steve's lips until

Steve opened to allow him in. He swallowed Steve's moan as his hands roamed over the dark-haired boy, sliding down his back and down, down until his hands were over Steve's ass and he squeezed. He chuckled into Steve's mouth, obviously finding humor in the way that he was managing to make Steve fall apart. He tightened his arms around Steve, latching his hands along the small of Steve's back and rolling them over again so that he was on top.

Their tongues met for another brief moment before Jonathan pulled away, nosing into Steve's neck and pressing kisses along the skin. "I think," he began softly, whispering into freshly revealed skin as he started unbuttoning Steve's shirt. "you need to relax. Don't you?"

Steve didn't know how to respond, especially since he was clearly no longer having the freak out he'd been having ten minutes ago. He'd lost his higher functions as soon as Jonathan had started touching him, so the only thing that came out of his mouth was a stuttered, "Oo-kay." as Jonathan wound his way down Steve's chest, licking and biting at the exposed skin. He continued with the act as he slowly unbuttoned and unzipped Steve's jeans, slowly enough that he could feel the zipper glide along his hard dick. Jonathan's breath burned through the thin layer of Steve's briefs and his hips shifted up, chasing something that hadn't really been there. Jonathan only smiled, pushing Steve's jeans and briefs down simultaneously, shoving them until they were caught around Steve's knees.

"Steve Byers," Jonathan whispered into Steve's hipbone, tongue sliding along his skin before he sucked a red mark into Steve's flesh that he knew would bruise. "I like the sound of that."

What? The thought fluttered through Steve's mind but there was no possibility of him voicing the fear and hope burning through his chest because Jonathan opened his mouth and pulled Steve in, swallowing around him, and Steve had to fight to stop the bucking of his hips.

Jonathan kept a steady pace, moving up and down, slowly picking up speed, pulling off slightly every minute or so to smile up at Steve as he squirmed, and keeping a firm grip on Steve's hips to stop him when he jerked up against Jonathan. He barely lasted ten minutes before he was shooting down Jonathan's throat and Jonathan swallowed it happily, pulling off with an obscene pop afterward. He

smiled up at Steve, lips swollen and red and Steve reached for him, hauled him up with a tight grip on his arms and kissed him, the thoughts about this being the last time swirling around in his brain again.

They laid in silence for a minute or two, Jonathan humming along to *Insight* as it quietly spread throughout the room. Then Jonathan stood and Steve couldn't help the gasp of surprise that burst out of him when he saw that Jonathan was half-hard, barely. Thoughts of doubt burst into Steve's head, *maybe this really is over*.

"Here." Jonathan tossed a ball of soft black fabric at Steve and he caught it just before it hit him in the face. He unfolded it to reveal the t-shirt that Jonathan had just been wearing, sporting Joy Division's album cover and he looked up to find Jonathan shirtless, digging through his dresser. He spun when he found what he was looking for, wrestling a maroon long-sleeve shirt over his head. "Dressing comfortably makes you feel comfortable." Jonathan offered as explanation, gesturing at Steve with his hands to tell him to put the shirt on.

"I didn't know how fancy this was." Steve said quietly as he sat up and shed his already unbuttoned shirt off, pulling the new one over his head. He took a moment, soaking in the smell of Jonathan that stuck to the soft fabric.

"Come out when you're ready." Jonathan said, the lock snapping again and the door creaking as he pushed it open. "No rush." He said at Steve's wide-eyed look, coming back across the room and bending down to pull the tie out from under the new t-shirt, using it to pull Steve closer so that he could press a chaste kiss to Steve's lips before backing out of the room, leaving the door open just a crack.

The rest of the party passed without a hitch. Steve studiously avoided Lonnie for the rest of it, though he took his fair share of laughs from everyone. Steve managed to meet Mike's eyes multiple times throughout the night and, every single time, Mike would snicker and turn back to his friends with an evil smirk. Will had caught up with him over a slice of pizza, reaching up to pat his shoulder and say, "Nice shirt, brother-in-law." Joyce had found him standing in the kitchen, avoiding his boyfriend and, really, just everyone that was in

the house. She'd smiled and offered him a sip of her wine, which he'd taken, greedily, and told him that it was sweet. "It's nice to see someone care about Jonathan as much as you do, Steve. He's always struggled with being happy and you've given him that. I'm thankful he has you."

He'd spent ten minutes in the bathroom, staring in the mirror and wondering if he'd really managed to do that.

Nancy stopped in a little bit after ten with a box wrapped in blue paper with a bright red ribbon, interrupting Will's conversation with Lucas with a soft-spoken, "Happy birthday, Will." She handed him the gift and stepped over to where Jonathan and Steve stood in companionable silence, just watching everyone interact.

She leaned in to hug them together, planting a kiss on each of their cheeks. Jonathan quickly excused himself to refill his drink and Steve watched him skirt around his father, making eye contact, then Lonnie followed him into the kitchen.

"It's not so bad, is it?" Nancy asked, pulling Steve's Coke can from his tight grip and taking a sip. "I don't know what you were so worried about."

"I introduced myself as Steve Byers and Jonathan blew me to fix it." Steve spit the words out quickly, eyes bugged out as they roamed along Will and his friends. Despite freaking out about everything with Jonathan, there was a small part of him that was still worried about the younger Byers. He'd heard Will vomiting in the bathroom but Joyce had been outside with Hopper, taking a few minutes to see her significant other before she needed to deal with Lonnie again. Will's friends had all been distracted, still working on whatever they'd been busy with before when Steve had fucked up, something to do with Dungeons & Dragons.

Nancy's laughter bubbled out but when Steve glanced at her, she composed her face and Steve thought he saw guilt flash in her blue eyes. She reached out to press a comforting hand to Steve's shoulder, squeezing for a moment before she pulled him in for a quick hug. "It's okay, Stevie." She said in that voice that made him feel like he was eleven and his mother was chastising him for tracking mud into

the house. "Really, it's okay."

"He's gonna break up with me."

"He's not."

"He is."

"He isn't." Nancy pushed out and Steve was too busy watching as Jonathan stepped back into the room, gliding over to them quickly. He was too busy worrying about it and watching Jonathan to even think about why she was saying that, to consider what it was that she may know.

"Who won't what?"

"Troy won't mess with the kids again." Nancy said easily, Steve silent, looking as Lonnie moved out of the kitchen, slipping out the front door without saying goodbye to anyone. Jonathan met his eyes and Steve found something in Jonathan's, something that said that everything with his father had been taken care of.

"Why is that a subject of consideration?" Jonathan asked once he'd pulled his gaze from Steve's.

"I heard Mike and Dustin talking about it the other day." Nancy glanced away too quickly for Steve to catch her eyes and try to figure out if it was a lie. She turned back a moment or so later, "I'm sorry for only stopping in for a few minutes but my mom's expecting me around ten-thirty." She leaned in to hug the two of them again, pressing Steve's now-empty Coke can into Steve's palm. "Goodnight, boys." She called behind her to Will and his friends before stepping out into the night.

It was late, long past midnight. Will and his friends were holed up in Will's room for the sleepover and that left Jonathan and Steve free roam of the general living space. Will had asked Jonathan to go get the sleeping bags from the shed a little over an hour ago, making a statement about not wanting a repeat of last time in a soft voice so that his friends didn't overhear, and Jonathan had happily obliged, thankful that Will was at least voicing his fears. Then they'd all

disappeared, leaving Jonathan to clean up what was left of the party.

Joyce had laid down almost immediately after Lonnie'd made his exit, claiming a headache that no one was going to say didn't exist. Steve had tried to help, putting leftovers into Tupperware containers and wrapping pizza slices in plastic wrap but fifteen minutes in had marked the sixth time that Jonathan had asked him to stop helping because he was a guest. Steve had stopped, mostly because of the wide-eyed look that his boyfriend, yeah, he was still that as far as Steve knew, kept giving him, like he was the one that was terrified of scaring Steve away.

So, Steve lounged, making conversation that felt more like small talk as Jonathan threw away cups and put away food and wiped down the surfaces. They'd gone over the weather and how Joyce's relationship with Hopper was going (though Steve intentionally skipped over the 'why hadn't Hopper made an actual appearance' question because he assumed that would turn the subject onto Lonnie) and then moved onto how ready for senior year they both were and what was that weird topping on the pizza Dustin had been chowing down on all night but, still, they'd managed to find their way back to Lonnie anyway, back onto the scene that he'd made when Joyce had fussed over the sound of vomiting coming from the bathroom.

She'd had a fair reason to fuss, especially when everyone in the building, aside from Lonnie, knew why he was vomiting, though Lonnie technically did know. No one had been shy in sharing information about that fateful week last year, they'd all needed to talk a lot of it out anyway, but Lonnie was unwilling to believe that it had happened. Will still had nightmares, though most of them did, and occasionally vomited up those damn slugs but according to his doctors he was physically fit and it only seemed to get as bad as Will not being able to sleep sometimes, which wasn't all that hard of a fix, just the occasional sleeping pill that he'd been prescribed to get him back on schedule.

Once everything was cleaned up and everything returned to its rightful place according to Jonathan, he mumbled something about sleep and Steve followed him silently, fighting the urge to reach out and grab Jonathan's hand from where it hung limply at his side. There were hushed whispers and laughs drifting out from underneath

Will's door as they passed, the rustle of the slick fabric covering the sleeping bags.

Sleepovers at the Byers weren't uncommon, less because Steve and Jonathan were hot and heavy, though they were, but more so because Joyce was understanding and kind and had her suspicions about Steve's father and the bruises that Steve occasionally sported. Tonight, luckily, was neither. Jonathan had told him about the party a day or two before while Steve had skipped History to hang out with Jonathan in the dark room.

He'd smiled and he'd glowed under the red lights. "It's sort of a birthday thing." Jonathan had said as he'd laid out white sheets into developing fluid. He set a timer once they were all fully submerged and turned back to Steve, moving into his space. Steve immediately shifted up until he was sitting on the metal table, grabbing Jonathan by the belt-loops and pulling him into the slot Steve had made between his legs. Jonathan chuckled, leaning closer when Steve held him by his hips. "You eat pizza..." he pressed a kiss to Steve's collarbone. "Listen to music..." A kiss to the column of Steve's throat. "Have a drink..." A bite in the same area, then a lick to soothe the skin. "You can spend the night." Jonathan pulled back, staring into Steve's half-glazed eyes. "I'll make you breakfast."

"Breakfast, huh?" Steve asked, pressing forward to lick into Jonathan's mouth. He nodded before he allowed Steve in. "Sounds enticing."

Steve shut the door behind them and Jonathan walked across the dark room to press the needle to the beginning of the Joy Division album again and turn on the lamp by his bed. He kicked off his Converse, unbuttoned his jeans and shimmied them off as well, leaving them on the floor at the edge of his bed. He flopped down on his back, shifting until he was on the side closest to the door. *Just in case they need me*, Jonathan had said one time when Steve asked why he didn't sleep in the middle. He didn't really understand what the difference was but he supposed that was because he hadn't gone through everything the Byers had.

Steve watched him for a moment, the simple way he'd laid down, like every other time Steve had spent the night.

He was nervous, terrified, but he followed suit, kicking off his shoes and jeans, pulling off his t-shirt as well. He dropped onto the side of the bed closest to the window, lying down on his back. Jonathan shifted almost immediately, twisting until he was lying on his stomach, half on top of Steve.

Steve stretched his arm out to wrap it around Jonathan but instead he felt the silk of the tie he'd left at the head of the bed. He grabbed it, tossing it haphazardly off the bed before winding his arm around Jonathan, running the tips of his fingers softly along his spine. Jonathan sighed under his touch and Steve reached out to turn off the lamp, dousing the room in darkness.

It was silent for a bit, just his and Jonathan's breathing, slowly growing quieter and steadier. Steve was almost positive that Jonathan was asleep, then, of course, he spoke.

"You know you're it for me, right?" Jonathan said softly into the thread of skin between Steve's shoulder and his neck.

"Hmm?" his verbal reaction hid the way his heart was pounding in his chest but Steve was positive that Jonathan could feel it anyway with how close to Steve's pulse point he was.

Jonathan moved up, laid his head across Steve's chest, arm stretching out so his finger could skim along the waistband of Steve's briefs, not starting something, just touching. "I mean, I'm not necessarily thinking about marriage, just because I don't know if I can do that, but it's not like I planned my future without the assumption that you'd be there." Jonathan paused for breath, skin burning through his shirt. "Maybe I shouldn't have assumed that, but, you know, I want you around."

It feels like something's burst inside of Steve's chest at those words. Then happiness follows it, burns its way through Steve's chest and he pulls Jonathan's head from his chest and then back down to steal a kiss. It's soft and sweet and warm, not unlike other ones they've shared but it still feels new. Jonathan kisses him and kisses him and kisses him and after a few minutes he trails down Steve's jaw lazily, winds kisses along sensitive skin. He's not initiating something, not trying to get anywhere, just, you know, contact.

“If you want my last name you can have it.” Jonathan whispers into Steve’s neck, the chuckle that follows it rumbling deep in his chest.

Steve kind of wants it, kind of wants to be able to introduce himself as Steve Byers, wants to tell Jonathan *yes, please, and let’s go change it right now*, but they’re both seventeen-bordering-on-eighteen and he knows that Jonathan Byers still wants him and they have time.

It’s an odd thought to Steve, that they have time. He’s lived most of his life waiting for the next event, even when he didn’t know what was happening. Waiting for baseball practice and the next English pop quiz, the next party he’d attend, the next thing that would pull him out of his regular routine. That kind of thinking had just twisted around Jonathan once he’d met him officially, waiting for the next time that he could go to Nancy’s just to see Jonathan, then once they were together, the next time he’d get to kiss him or hold his hand or run his hand through Jonathan’s hair.

But this is it, this is everything. And they have time.

So instead of saying *yes, I want your name to be my name*, he says, “Fuck off.” and pulls Jonathan down for another kiss and, of course, Jonathan happily obliges.

Author's Note:

i cannot tell you how many fucking times i clicked the goddamn edit button

okay, so i know that it's kind of quick to say that they're *it* for each other but i feel like their relationship was sort of accelerated after everything with the Demogorgon, you know, *take what you can, like's too short*. also, i made summer will's birthday without knowing that it actually was and then, of course, once i worried about them moving too fast i couldn't change it.

timeline: started being friendly/friends after everything was over. steve is trying to get jonathan to loosen up (because he's kind of crushing, okay, but

i haven't figured out the starting point yet) at nancy's new years thing so he goaded jonathan into going shot for shot with him. they drunkenly kiss. they spend two-three weeks sneaking kisses under the bleachers and in the darkroom and, basically, going back and forth between playing asshole and just wanting to touch each other. nancy forces them to figure their shit out. it's not a horrible secret, though they don't constantly hold hands or kiss in public. school just thinks they're friends, sort of, and everyone's loved ones (except steve's dad, obvi) know and, obvi, none of them would say anything because that's not their fucking business, okay, y'all?

that kind of shit is not your business to divulge

i'm also kind of considering the possibility of jonathan being asexual what do you think? something that falls under asexuality is finding personal pleasure (not sexual) in making your partner happy, can be pleasuring someone sexually. i also think of him as really shy in relationship stuff but really good/forward with sexual things because he sort of regards them with a clinical coldness that he can detach himself from in a way, something he can research and has figured out how to deal with, y'know?

anyway, also, sorry for all the unknown pleasure/joy division references they're my fav, therefore, they're jonathan's fav when i write him.

i was inspired by My Youth is Yours by notyourbro and if you love climbing class and ud and fluffy shit then go read that

okay, i think that's it, thanks for reading!